

Queene And take my heart with thee.

She kisseth him.

Suff. A ieuell lockt into the wofulst caske,
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,
Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

exit Suff. &c.

Queene This way for me.

exit Queene.

Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.

Car. O death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
Ile giue thee as much gold as wil purchase such another Iland.

King Oh see my lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must haue thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you haue me to do then?

Can I make men liue whether they will or no?

Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghost doth stand, (me:
And stares me in the face: looke, look, combe down his haire,
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sals. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart,

King Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,
Hold vp thy hand, and make some signe to vs.

The Cardinall dies.

Oh see, he dies, and makes no signe at all,

Oh God forgieue his soule.

Sals. So bad an end did neuer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.

King Forbeare to iudge, good Salisbury forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all:

Go take him hence, and see his funeralls be performde.

exeunt omnes.

Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the captaine of the shippe and the Master, and the Masters mate, and the duke of Suffolke.

houses, of Yorke and

folke disguised, and others with more.

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners
Vnlade their goods with speed, and
Here master, this prisoner I giue to
This other, the Masters Mate shall
And Walter Whickmore, thou shalt
And let them pay their ransomes

Suff. Walter!

Walter How now, what doest thou
Thou shalt haue better cause anon

Suff. It is thy name affrights me
I do remember well, a cunning wit
That by Walter I should die:

Yet let not that make thee bloudie
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Gualter, not Walter.

Walter Gualter or Walter, all's
I am the man must bring thee to th

Suff. I am a Gentleman looke
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it

Walter I lost mine eye in boot
And therefore ere I marchant-like
Then cast me headlong downe in

2 Priso. But what shall our ran

Master A hundreth pounds a p

2 Priso. Then saue our liues, it

Walter Come sirra, thy life shall
I wil haue.

Suff. Stay villaine, thy prisoner is
The Duke of Suffolke, William d

Cap. The Duke of Suffolke fol

Suf. Yea sir, but these rags are n
Ioue sometime went disguise, and

Cap. Yea but Ioue was neuer fl

Suff. Base lady groome, King
The honorable blood of Lancast